

AT TOMB OPENING



Lord Allenby (right) with other distinguished visitors to the tomb.



Prince Leopold of Belgium being greeted by Egyptian Government officials.

official opening of the inner chamber of the tomb of Tut-ankh Amen was ended by a most distinguished company, including the Queen of the Belgians, the Belgian Crown Prince, and the High Commissioner of Egypt, Lord Allenby. The tomb has now been resealed.

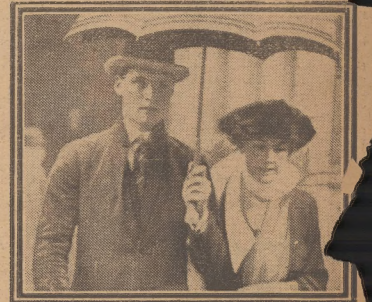
RUSSELL DIVORCE SUIT



A delightful new picture of Mrs. Russell and her baby boy.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mrs. Russell on her way to the reopening of the famous case yesterday.



The Hon. John Russell, the petitioner, with his mother, Lady Amptill.

Passionate extracts from letters stated to have been written by Mrs. Russell to her husband shortly after their marriage were read by counsel for the petitioner at the opening hearing of the second petition of the Hon. John Hugo Russell, eldest son of Lord Amptill, for a divorce decree against his wife Christabel. Mr. Russell charges his wife with misconduct, and alleges that he is not the father of her child.

Appeals to Everybody.

SENDERS AS JUDGES.

First Pictures and Voting Coupons on Monday.

SEND PHOTOGRAPHS NOW.

The announcement made yesterday that another great National Beauty Competition, with a prize fund of £2,500, has been hailed with satisfaction all over the United Kingdom.

It is a competition that appeals to everyone. Not only are substantial prizes offered to the "winners" (beauties of 1923) (which includes boys and girls in the junior section), but ten prizes of £100 are offered to readers who best forecast the six most popular beauties each week.

In addition, a further prize of £500 is offered to the reader who, from the thirty photographs selected by the majority of votes at the end of ten weeks, gives the best forecast of the three ultimate prize-winners and the three runners-up. Thus everyone has a chance of winning a prize.

CHOOSE YOUR BEAUTY.

Weekly Voting Pan as Key to Final Selection.

The pivotal features of the scheme are, of course, the beauty prizes. This will appeal to Britain's beautiful girls and the mothers of beautiful children. The £2,000 offered in this section will be divided as under:—

- SECTION 1. Girls of sixteen years and upwards..... £500
- SECTION 2. Girls from five to fifteen years £250
- SECTION 3. Boys and girls under five years £250

Our readers will themselves select the prize-winner in each section. Commencing on Monday, March 12, twenty-four of the best photographs received will be published weekly in *The Daily Mirror*, and beginning with the same issue a voting coupon will be printed daily.

Anyone may vote, and there is no limit to the number of coupons that may be sent in by any one reader. The sender of the coupon which agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the general vote in any one week will receive a prize of £100, and the three entrants each of whom receive the highest number of votes will be included amongst those from whom our readers will be invited to make their final choice.

Intending competitors should send in their photographs at once. They will then be included in the group from which the first week's selection will be made for publication. Thus the earlier the photograph is sent in the better chance it has of selection. Later on the rush of pictures is certain to be enormous.

READ THESE CONDITIONS.

Others should forward photographs of their children, and in the case of boys it should be clearly understood that only those under five years of age are eligible.

After reading the conditions published below, address the photographs to "The Editor, *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-25, Boulevard, E.C.4."

The following conditions will mainly govern the photographs entered for the competition. The conditions governing the coupon votes will be published later:—

1. There is no entrance fee, and the competition will be conducted solely by means of photographs. Any competitor may be required to be rephotographed by a studio photographer, the cost to be defrayed by *The Daily Mirror*.
2. On the back of each photograph must be clearly written in ink the name, age and permanent address of the competitor and the section for which the photograph is entered.
3. No framed or coloured photographs or portraits must be submitted.
4. Birth certificates in proof of age must be produced if asked for.

All photographs, if accompanied by a suitably stamped addressed envelope, will be returned to the senders at the conclusion of the selection.

6. The publication of photographs must not involve *The Daily Mirror* in photographers' charges or reproduction fees. All persons submitting photographs must ensure that they own the copyright. Amateur or professional photographs may be submitted, and *The Daily Mirror* reserves the right to publish any photograph submitted.

7. The decision of *The Daily Mirror* committee of experts as to which photographs are to be published and the decision of the Editor on all other matters affecting the competition shall be final, legal and binding in every way.

COERCING WIVES.

Bill That Will Abolish "Husband and Wife" Plea.

OUT-OF-DATE LAW.

The well-known presumption that a man committed by a wife in her husband's house was done under his coercion, second reading of the Bill in the House of Commons.

This principle, old one, and had no relation to the facts of the present day. The presumption that every wife went in terror of her husband and would commit any crime under his influence was, it even it was true, not true today.

Speaking generally, he thought wives were free agents, and the question of their guilt or innocence ought to be considered on the facts, and not under the compulsion of such a presumption as that.

Lord Buckmaster said he did not believe any case had been made out for the abolition of this presumption. To deny that personal influence existed in the relation of husband and wife was to deny one of the strongest influences in the world.

"You cannot," he said, "change women's nature by giving them the vote or by other liberating statutes. It will remain what it was before, and if for eleven hundred years the people of this country had believed that her nature is of such a character, it is no reason why the rule should be altered."

Viscount Ullswater said it seemed absurd for Lord Buckmaster to contend at the present time that such a presumption was in accordance with the facts. If respect for the law was to be retained it should embody the customs and views of society of the present day, and not of eleven hundred years ago.

Viscount Haldane said if presumption was abolished it would not prevent a wife, if she was really coerced, from pleading that in extenuation.

The second reading was agreed to.

LONDON TAXI TRAGEDY.

Man Charged with Murder Refuses Judge's Offer of Counsel.

A strange plea was made by Bernard Pomroy, the young shop assistant of Hemel Hempstead, when charged at the Old Bailey yesterday with the murder of Alice Cheshire. When asked to plead he made an angry denial.

The Clerk of the Court: Do you hear what I say? Are you guilty or not guilty?—I may be or I may not be.

Mr. Justice Horridge: If you say that I shall direct the plea of not guilty to be entered. Are you defended by counsel?—No.

"Shall I assign you counsel?—No. I think you should take my advice?—I don't wish it."

The Judge directed a plea of not guilty to be entered. The case will be taken to-day.

EARL'S DAUGHTER WEDS.

Bridesmaids in Peach-Coloured Satin Walk in Indian File.

There was a guard of honour from the bridegroom's company, Coldstream Guards, and many other officers attended the wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, yesterday, of Lady Margaret Playdell-Bouverie, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, to Captain Gerald Barry, M.C.

The bride wore a perfectly plain satin gown with square train, equally severe and unadorned, her veil being of old Brussels lace. The six bridesmaids, in shot peach-coloured satin and white caps, were arranged in novel order, the first two walking in single file. Raindrops fell upon the bride as she arrived, but the sun shone brilliantly as the happy couple left the church.

The Duchess of Devonshire was present with Lady Rachel Cavendish, who wore a very girlish knitted silk dress of biscuit colour with a short brown coat. Viscount Folkestone was one of the ushers.

CLOUDS ELECTRIFIED.

Scientists Make Rain by Dropping Sand from 'Planes.'

By dropping from aeroplanes electrically charged grains of sand, rainfall has been caused at Dayton (Ohio) and clouds have been made to disappear in experiments described as "absolutely uncanny," state Professor Wilder D. Bancroft, of Cornell University, and Mr. L. F. Warren.

They declare, adds Reuter, that fogs over cities, harbours and flying fields can be made to vanish. They do not claim that rain can always be produced, as all clouds do not contain sufficient moisture.

THE BETA CETERA.

English Astronomers. PUNCHES GREYBEARDS.

Who is Master Abbott, the fourteen-year-old English scientist who, at Athens, has observed the configuration of Beta Ceta, a star which shines billions of miles away from the earth?

His observation has set the whole of the astronomical world wondering, and his telegram acquainting M. Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, with the news was at first received with caution by the Astronomical Society of France of which the English boy is a member) owing to the extreme youth and inexperience of the author of this message.

Subsequent observations, however, soon confirmed his statement, and his discovery has set the world asking: "What would happen in our solar system if the sun suddenly blazed up like Beta Ceta?"

The general opinion is that the earth would be shrivelled to a cinder in an hour or two. It is apparent that Master Abbott's observation has caused a flutter of apprehension in the world of astronomy, for the fact that a boy of fourteen has discovered a phenomenal occurrence in the heavens which has been noticed by his older colleagues is a bitter pill for the greybeards to swallow.

They are not prepared, however, to admit that he has found anything of great importance, and one of the said greybeards is of the opinion that the boy of the equator for the proper observation of Beta Ceta.

But young Mr. Abbott was on the same side of the equator when he made his observation. Mr. Spencer Jones, of Greenwich Observatory, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the sudden and brilliant conflagration of Beta Ceta might be explained by its entrance into a cloud of nebulous matter.

FOUR MISSING.

Mother and Two Daughters Disappeared from Leigh-on-Sea.

Mrs. Ellen Margaret Sarley and her daughters Vera, ten, and Kathleen Margaret, six, are reported missing from their home at Pall Mall, Leigh-on-Sea.

Francis Edmund McIntosh, seventeen, of Bellevue-avenue, Southend, left for the local high school on Tuesday morning, and has not been seen since.

He is a slim youth of 5ft. 9in., has dark hair, bushy eyebrows, pale complexion, and brown eyes, and was wearing a brown mixture sports coat, grey flannels, a grey cap, and a dark grey double-breasted overcoat.

He was carrying a Gladstone bag marked "D. McI."

JEWEL THIEVES' FRIGHT

Dropped Bag Containing £3,000 Worth of Valuables.

A jeweller's shop in the Strand was burgled early yesterday morning. The thieves climbed over the wall, entered the shop, and carried off offices next door and fixed a rope, by means of which they reached the roof of the jeweller's shop and gained access through a fanlight.

Jewellery worth about £3,000 was removed in a bag, but the thieves on leaving took no pedestrians and immediately dropped their booty and fled. All the stolen articles were recovered.

The police found that the iron bars outside one of the windows had been sawn through and an unsuccessful attempt had been made to force a safe.

DANCER CO-RESPONDENT

Evidence To Be Taken at Davos—Furness Case Adjourned.

In order that the evidence of the co-respondent be taken on commission at Davos, Mr. Justice Hill, in the Divorce Court yesterday, adjourned the hearing of the petition of Mrs. Elizabeth Pae Furness, formerly a film actress, asking for restitution of conjugal rights against her husband, Mr. Tom Gunnar Stephenson Furness, a co-respondent.

The husband said he was justified in leaving his wife owing to her drinking and drug-taking, and he cross-petitioned for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Maurice Mouvet, a professional dancer known as Maurice.

The application for the taking of the evidence was made by Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, for Mrs. Furness. Sir Ernest Pollock, opposing it, pointed out that co-respondent had entered no appearance or attempted to defend his own honour until now.

The Judge said that had the application been by co-respondent the Court would have refused it.

PRINCESS MARY'S BABY.

Princess Mary's baby son was taken for an airing in the grounds of Buckingham Palace yesterday. A large crowd waited at the Palace gates to see him as the car drove past.

OF RUSSELL SUIT.

New Co-Respondent In Earl's Son's Petition.

"DANCING MAD."

K.C. on Unpleasant Aspects of the Case.

The second petition for divorce presented by the Hon. John Hugo Russell, son and heir of Lord Amphil, against his wife, Christabel, came before Mr. Justice Hill, and a special jury yesterday, and was adjourned.

After a hearing of nine days, two named co-respondents were dismissed from the first suit last July, and the jury disagreed as to the charge made against an unnamed co-respondent.

Charges against a new co-respondent, Mr. Edgar Jacquard Mayer, were involved in the present suit.

Passionate letters from Mrs. Russell to her husband were read by Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., who commented on Mrs. Russell's "rest cure" in Switzerland.

WOMAN JUROR RETIRES.

Decides, After Hint from Judge, She "Might Be Better Employed."

There were three women members of the jury and the Judge, addressing them, said: "One of you, I understand, is unmarried. If you think this is a case on which you would rather serve, will you say so?"

The Unmarried Juror replied: I must leave to you, my lord.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., who appeared for petitioner, said it would save her hearing very unpleasant details.

Sir Ellis Hume Williams (representing co-respondent) is, I am inclined to agree. I think the details will be heard rather shocking to an unmarried woman. For a married woman it would be different.

The Judge: It is for you (the juror) to decide rather than for me. You have the right to serve. At the same time, if you think you would rather not serve after hearing what counsel has said, no objection will be taken if you wish to retire.

The Juror: I think I should be better employed elsewhere.

The Judge: I am sure we all think so.

A man was then sworn in as juror.

Opening the case, counsel said the petitioner sought a divorce from his wife, alleging that she had committed misconduct with a man unknown, in consequence of which she gave birth on October 15, 1921, to a child, of which the man unknown was said to be the father.

Petitioner also alleged misconduct between his wife and the co-respondent. Both the respondent and co-respondent denied the allegations.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall said he was afraid they would have to go in minute detail into very unpleasant matter, but it was impossible to inquire into such a case unless it was done.

(Continued on page 19.)

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 6.37 p.m.

Tsar's Silver.—Once the property of Tsar Alexander I., a silver toilet set was sold at Christy yesterday for £3,700.

Cabinet Meets.—The Prime Minister presided over a full meeting of the Cabinet at No. 11, Downing-street, yesterday.

Smallpox in Derby.—Three more cases of smallpox have been notified in the Alfreton area of Derbyshire, making sixteen in all.

Dry Days.—When wood alcohol kills off the old soaks, prohibition will have its day, said Mr. Thomas Edison, the American inventor.—Reuter.

Stockbroker's Death.—Mr. D. R. Ward, member of the Stock Exchange and of the firm of C. Gould and Co., died suddenly in the change yesterday.

£10,000 Housing Gift.—Mr. W. H. Askew Ladykirk, has offered £10,000 for the erection of twelve houses at Berwick, for disabled ex-service men, at nominal rents.

Family Suicides.—When it was found at Marlton that Margaret, Davies, fifty-five, committed suicide by drowning, it was stated that two brothers had previously committed suicide.

Grave of Pocahontas.—It is proposed to erect a monument to the body of Pocahontas, daughter of an Indian chief, shall be interred at Gravesend and buried with honour in the United States.—Reuter.

HEALTH MINISTER'S DILEMMA IN BY-ELECTION

Mitcham Voters Not Deluded by Housing and Rent Manoeuvres of Government.

MR. CATTERALL FIGHTING TENANTS' BATTLE

Candidate Who Demands Guarantee of Security Now Instead of Vague Cabinet "Promises."

Rent and housing bid fair to be the rocks on which Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen's hopes of getting back into Parliament will be wrecked for the third time.

Mitcham voters are realising that the Government refusal to give a definite pledge of conditional decontrol before the by-election means another year of uncertainty and anxiety as to whether in June, 1924, landlords can increase their charges—with the Cabinet's consent—and, if they are unable to pay, turn them into the street, whether or not there are other houses for them to go to.

For this vital reason the policy of Mr. Catterall, the Independent Conservative candidate who is fighting the battle of the tenants on the plain issue of "Enough houses before decontrol of any kind," is rapidly growing in favour as the only one middle-class electors can support for the safety and security of the roof above their head.

Moreover, Mr. Catterall stands for reducing taxation by quitting Mesopotamia and Palestine and helping France in the Ruhr to make Germany pay, and he does not wobble.

'WAIT AND SEE' TALK NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR MITCHAM.

Rent Scheme Wobb'e Means Year of Suspense.

MR. CATTERALL'S PLEDGES.

From Our Special Correspondent.

MITCHAM, Wednesday. "Boscawen's Awful Record" is the title of one of the leaflets that is being circulated in the Mitcham Division to-day.

"It is most interesting—so interesting, in fact, that no elector should miss the opportunity of reading it."

But the funny part about the whole thing is that, although the leaflet provides abundant reasons why the middle-class electors of the constituency should vote for the Health Minister, but for Mr. Catterall, the Independent Conservative candidate, it is not the Catterall party who are responsible for it.

It is, therefore, splendid propaganda for "Honest Jack," the title by which Mr. Catterall is best known in this part of Surrey.

A CLEAR-CUT POLICY.

Mr. Catterall is fighting this election as a Conservative because—

He does not believe a defeated Minister should be dumped on Mitcham without being invited.

"Rent decontrol should not start until enough houses have been built."

In the interest of already overburdened taxpayers we must have the policy of Palestine and Mesopotamia neck and crop.

There is no mistaking a policy like this. It is perfectly clear.

Mr. Catterall is a splendid speaker. He does not use ambiguous words. His speeches are like his policy—fearless and beyond question.

But what about Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, or, as he himself once wished to be called, "Bosky"?

Was there ever a political candidate in such a mess as that in which the Minister of Health finds himself to-day?

NO GUARANTEE.

Wait and see what happens next year—the latest suggestion of the Government when asked to reveal their Rent Bill proposals—does not suit the middle-class electors, who are asked to take the Health Minister on trust as their M.P. They have no guarantee that, whether enough houses are built by June, 1924, or not, the Cabinet will extend restrictions.

It is all very well to say that Parliament shall decide, but if the Whips pack the lobbies, of what avail will before-the-poll promises be then?

All this uncertainty over a problem of bread-and-butter importance, not only to householders in Mitcham, but all over the land, is seriously threatening the chances of Sir Arthur being returned to the Commons where Tannan and Dudley did not want him and would not have him.

DARLINGTON POLLS.

Women Vote in Large Numbers for Successor to Mr. Pike Pease.

Polling in the Darlington by-election, caused by the elevation of Mr. Pike Pease to the peerage, took place yesterday in fine weather after five days' almost continuous rain.

Few people recorded their votes in the first few hours, but later women voted briskly.

22 LIVES REPORTED LOST IN RHINE RAIL SMASH.

British Soldier's Child and Seaman Killed at Cologne.

ARMS FIND IN RUHR MINES.

Twenty-two people are reported to have been killed in a railway collision at Duren, in the Rhineland.

A train from Aix-la-Chapelle, says Reuter, was switched on to the wrong line and crashed into a stationary train.

[Duren is on the line to Dusseldorf, part of which in the British zone was recently handed over to the French.]

Another was derailed near Coblenz, owing to the signals having been tampered with, but no casualties occurred. A signalman has been arrested.

Attempts to board trains while they were in motion have resulted in two deaths in Cologne. Leading Seaman Hine, of the Rhine flotilla, and a native of Maidstone, was killed.

Gertude Graham, the ten-year-old daughter of a private in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, missed her grip and fell under a train and was cut to pieces. Her parents belong to Dunganannon (Co. Tyrone).

IMPORTANT FRENCH SEIZURES.

An inquiry is proceeding at Dusseldorf into the seizure of 13,000,000 marks from the Berlin express.

The way-bill revealed that over half the amount was destined for a German bank and its branches in the British zone.

The remainder of the sum has been detained pending confirmation of the assertion that it was intended for the use of the British Army of Occupation.

Valuable seizures were made when the French occupied Caub, where are situated the offices of the Rhine boatmen's strike committee.

The seizures included secret orders from Berlin, £200,000 marks, strike funds intended for Duisburg, and complete plans for the scientific working of the State forests.

A Dusseldorf message (quoted by the Exchange) says that, in making requisitions at the Hedwig mines, the French authorities seized a great number of rifles and two machine guns.

POISONED SWEETS.

Man Charged with Attempted Murder Found To Be Insane.

Remarkable medical evidence was given at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Walter Frank Tatam, aged forty-two, a gardener, was charged with sending poisoned chocolates to Sir William Horwood, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, the Hon. Trevor Bigham, and Mr. F. L. D. Elliott, the Assistant Commissioners, with intent to murder or cause them grievous bodily harm.

Dr. William Norman East, Senior Medical Officer at Brixton Prison, who had had Tatam under observation since the beginning of February, said the man was certified as insane in July, 1914, and remained under certificate until August, 1919.

Tatam believed that a doctor, under whose care he had been, had poisoned a patient, and that the Commissioners of Police would not take any action and hushed the matter up, as they were in the conspiracy.

On the direction of the Judge, the jury found Tatam insane so that he could not take his trial, and Mr. Justice Horridge ordered him to be kept in strict custody, until his Majesty's pleasure be known.



Mrs. Margaret Harrison, the American journalist, has been expelled from Russia by the Soviet.



Robert Morgan, Percy Roys will referee the Mobbs memorial football match at Northampton to-day.

120-M.P.H. HURRICANE IN NORTH ATLANTIC.

Fight Against Gale to Reach Doomed Steamer.

LIFEBOAT BEATEN BACK.

WEATHER FORECAST.—Continued westerly winds; unsettled; some showers; moderate temperature.

A hurricane in the Atlantic blowing at the rate of 120 miles an hour was reported by the liner President Arthur when she arrived at Plymouth from New York in the early hours of yesterday morning.

The boat was eighteen hours late, and had been holed for thirteen hours. The captain declared it to be the worst hurricane in his experience.

The Padstow steam lifeboat, Helen Peele, and her accompanying surfboat returned to Padstow at three o'clock yesterday morning after two unsuccessful attempts to reach the steamer Blairlogie, which reported that she was in danger of being swamped, sixty miles away.

EXHAUSTED MEN.

The lifeboat was herself nearly swamped several times, and once the seven-inch hawser, with which the surfboat was being towed, was parted.

All the men were in an exhausted condition. Later it was reported that the Blairlogie was breaking up off the Smalls. The steamer Manchester City and two others were steaming to her assistance, but owing to the gale could only make 4½ knots an hour.

Six members of the crew of the Bristol steamer Echo have been landed at Lowestoft after being adrift after a collision for fourteen hours in the North Sea.

They suffered terrible hardships, and it is feared that the remaining twelve men of the crew are lost. The six were picked up by a trawler.

ESCAPE FROM ASYLUM.

Search for Man in Blue Suit Seen Walking Towards Aldershot.

Police of Hampshire and Surrey were searching yesterday for a man who escaped from Brookwood Asylum on the previous day.

The man who has a round, clean-shaven face and wore a blue suit and light cap, was last seen walking along the Basingstoke Canal towing-path in the direction of Aldershot.

V.C.'S DEATH.

Seaman Hero of Dardanelles Landing Succumbs to Pneumonia.

Seaman George Samson, V.C., has died in the Bermuda of double pneumonia.

Samson, whose parents reside in Carnoustie, was awarded the honour for the gallant part he played in the landing at Sedq ul Bakr, in the Dardanelles, and was the first lower deck V.C. for fifty years.

CHEAP GAS DANGER.

Doctor Says 14 per Cent. of Carbon Monoxide Is Ridiculous Risk.

To allow 14 to 16 per cent. of carbon monoxide in gas, which might escape at any time, was ridiculous.

So said Dr. Armstrong at a Kingsington inquest yesterday on Arthur W. Crundall, of Richmond, who, it was found, committed suicide from gas-poisoning while temporarily insane.

Dr. Armstrong said he understood that the percentage of carbon monoxide in gas had been increased from 4 per cent. to about 16 per cent. Gas was cheaper to manufacture, but it was more dangerous, as 1 per cent. of carbon monoxide in the atmosphere was fatal.

ADMIRALTY'S WHITEHALL STAFF.

The Admiralty staff at Whitehall was now larger than it was at the outbreak of war, said Mr. Amery yesterday in Parliament. The number of clerks would be decreased as rapidly as the work at the Admiralty allowed.

STORY OF A WILL IN NEWPORT MYSTERY.

Mrs. Morgan's Brother on Talk with Husband.

WITNESS MISSING.

Doctor Says He Could Not Account for Illness.

Remarkable evidence was given at the resumed inquest at Newport (Mon.) yesterday on Mrs. Jennie Morgan, the wife of a Newport butcher, who died under mysterious circumstances on January 22.

One of the witnesses summoned to appear at the inquest failed to do so, and police inquiries have failed to trace her.

Henry Edgar Anthony, of Pontypool, Mrs. Morgan's brother, said that on January 20 he went to Newport in response to a wire.

Mrs. Morgan said to him: "I have been very ill, but I think I am a little better. I am glad you have come, Harry. I wanted to see you so badly."

At six o'clock next morning Mr. Morgan called witness into his bedroom.

TALK ABOUT A WILL.

"He asked me," said witness, "what I thought of Jennie, and I said I thought she was very ill."

Morgan said, "Do you know, Harry, there has been a will drawn up, and it is all in favour of the children, giving them the power to turn me out if they wish?"

Witness said he replied: "Don't bother about the will now. Let us try and see what we can do for Jennie." That finished the conversation.

After breakfast witness went up to his sister. Morgan came in shortly after, and his sister told Morgan to go out. Morgan said, "That is how she speaks to me, and left the room."

Witness went downstairs later, and found Morgan alone in the kitchen. He asked him what was the difference between him and his wife and Morgan replied, "Things have not been going on very well of late. Jennie has been causing a great amount of mischief between me and Jennie."

The Coroner: Was anything said about the future?

Witness: He said, "I don't think if Jennie comes through her illness alive we shall ever live together again as man and wife."

Did you probe the matter any further towards reconciling the parties? I asked witness, my nephew, if he knew of any reasons, and he said, "What I have to say I shall say at the proper time."

Further questioned, witness said that he said to Mr. Morgan, "If I were in your place I would not allow a son to cause any differences between my wife and myself. I should put my foot down."

CASE THAT PUZZLED DOCTOR.

Dr. Alfred Arthur, of Newport, told how, at Mrs. Morgan's request, he attended Mrs. Morgan in December. She died after a very short illness. Witness found nothing to account for her condition.

On December 16 he got a message saying: "Come at once, mother is dying," and rushing to the Morgans' house he found Mrs. Morgan in a state of collapse.

He could not account for it and had seen nothing previously which would lead him to believe there was any risk of a collapse. He prescribed for her and next evening she was better.

Witness suggested to Mr. Morgan that his wife should be removed to hospital, but Mr. Morgan said his wife would not hear of it.

Eventually it was agreed that Dr. Crinks should be consulted, and he recommended that Mrs. Morgan should be removed to a nursing home. Morgan said he did not think his wife would go to a nursing home.

"Dr. Crinks," continued witness, "said: 'May I go up and ask her?' and Morgan replied that he need not bother, as he did not think she would agree."

The matter then dropped, said Dr. Arthur. The symptoms grew very much worse, and he gave it up as hopeless.

After Mrs. Morgan's death he thought the matter over, and after consulting Dr. Crinks he placed the facts before the coroner, who told him he would hold an inquest.

The inquiry was adjourned till to-day.

GERMAN PRINCE ARRESTED.

Essen Fracas—Member of Secret Nationalist Association.

PARIS, Wednesday. The Dusseldorf correspondent of the H. Agency reports that a German attached to Franco-Belgian Commission of Control at was attacked in the street.

A French patrol rushed up and arrested aggressors, who were said to have included Wilhelm Friedrich von Lippe, well known agitator in Upper Silesia.

It is alleged that he carried papers that he belongs to a secret Nationalist Association. His residence has been searched.

A Reuter message from Dusseldorf, French troops yesterday forcibly entered the ranks of the Bochum police and

A Pure Bred Hereford Oxo Bull.



The value of Beef as a food

It is a significant fact that the dominant nations of the world are beef-eaters.

The vital principles of beef, which are tissue-builders of the utmost value, are most easily assimilable in the form of OXO.

Oxo is not only nourishing in itself, — it is invaluable for facilitating the important process of nutrition, on which health itself depends.

When you make Oxo a habit you are

utilising its great vital principles to keep your strength and vitality on the highest possible level, and to build up that strength of constitution which forms the most effectual resistance to illness.

Don't get run down - take

OXO PRICES:

BOTTLES.		CUBES.	
1 oz. ...	7d.	TINS OF	
2 oz. ...	1/1	6 Cubes ...	6d.
4 oz. ...	1/11	12 Cubes ...	1/-
8 oz. ...	3/6	50 Cubes ...	4/-
16 oz. ...	5/6		

OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.

Rich, Warming Winter Soups.

A plate of rich, thick soup, piping hot from the tureen, is most gratifying — especially if the day be wet or chilly.

Cream and thicken your soups to a delicious consistency by using

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

It adds "body" to your soups and improves the flavour too!

1 lb. 9d., ½ lb. 4½d., ¼ lb. 2½d.

Recipe Book "A" from Brown & Polson, Ltd., 6, Bowditch Street, London, E.C.4. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage.



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ALDWICH—(Gerr. 3929.) Evgs. 8.15. TONS OF MONEY. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Yvonne Arnold, T. Wallis, R. Lyne.
AMBAASSADORS—A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Tues and Sat. at 2.30.
APOLLON—Evgs. 8.30. PHYLIS NELSON-TERRY in "A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS." Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
COMEDY—Nightly at 8.30. "SECRETS."
COVENT GARDEN—"YOU'D BE SURPRISED." Evgs. 8.10. Mats. Weds, Thurs, Sat. 2.30. (Ger. 480.)
CRITERION—(Ger. 3844.) Today, 2.30 and 8.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in ADVERTISING APRIL.
DALYS—8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. THE LADY OF THE ROSE. H. Wright, H. Welchman, F. Freeman, P. Dare.
DRURY LANE—Last 4 parts. DECEMBER NIGHTS. Nightly at 8. Matinees, Sat. 2.15. (Ger. 2688.)
DUKE OF YORKS—Tonight, 8. MARIE TEMPEST in THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. First Mat. Sat. at 2.30.
EMPIRE—"THE ETERNAL FLAME." With Norma Talmadge. Daily, 2.45 and 8.30. Sun. 7.45.
GAITEY—8.15. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALTZ. Matinees, Thurs, Sat and Easter Monday, at 2.30.
Gaiety—(Ger. 3615.) Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
COCHRAN'S production, "Partners Again." 1st Mat. Sat.
GLORIE—8.30. THE LAUGHING LADY. Marie Zolt, Leslie Pater, Violet Vanbrugh. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—"SNAP," with Maisee Gay in her original part. 6.30, 8.45.
HAYMARKET—Today, 2.30, 8.30. "PLUS FOUR." Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Thu, Th and Sat. 2.30.
MAKELLYN'S THEATRE, near Oxford Circus. 3 and 8. EASTERN AND WESTERN MAGIC. (Laughman 1545.)
NEW—(Ger. 4066.) Sat. Next, 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. MATHESSON LANG in THE BAD MAN.
NEW OXFORD—Today, 2.30, 8.15. Th, Sat. Wed. 2.30.
RATTLING BUTLER, Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Venus.
PRINCE OF WALES—THE CO-OPTIMISTS. 6th New Street. Evgs. 8.30. Mon. Wed. Fri. and Sat. 2.30.
PRINCES—THE COUSIN FROM NOWHERE. Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
QUEEN'S—2.30, 8.30. LILY BARD'S 8th WIFE. Madge (theater), Norman McKinnell. Thurs and Sat. 2.30.
REGENT, King's Cross. THE IMMORTAL HOUR. 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Thurs, Sat. (Museum 3180.)
ROYALTY—(Gerr. 3855.) 8.30. "THE LADY HARRY."
REMYER HICKS, Detroit. Eddie, Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
SAT. JAMES'S—Evgs. 8.30. "IF WINTER COMES."
Queen's—8.30. Mon. Wed. Fri. and Sat. 2.30.
SAVOY—8.30. Mats. Mon. Sat. 2.30. THE YOUNG IDEA. Herbert Marshall, Noel Coward, Ann Trevor, Rhea Culley.

SHATESBURY—Evgs. 8.30. Wed and Sat. 2.30. A Play entitled "THE CAT and the CANARY."
STRAND—(Ger. 3850.) Evgs. 8. Arthur Bourchier in TREASURE ISLAND. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE—8.30. Th, Th, Sat. 2.30. "RATS!" A New Revue. Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence.
WINTER GARDEN—THE CABARET GIRL. Today, at 2.15 and 8. Mats. Thurs and Sat. at 2.15.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS." A New Play. Nightly, at 8.15. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA—2.30, 6.10, 8.45. George and Butcher, H. Tennor, Lily Morris, Clarkson Rose, etc. Fashion Parade.
COLISEUM—(Ger. 7540.) 2.30, 7.45. Revel and Florine, Ronny Kelly, Lila Fuller's Ballet, Nina Girard, etc.
PALLADIUM—2.30, 6, 8.45. Philip Moer's Fashion Show, Leslie Stuart, Eric Mayne, Nora Delaney, etc.
LONDON PAVILION—2.30, 8.30. Sun. 7.30. Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood. (Ger. 704.)
NEW GALLERY—2.11. Sun, 6.11. Lillian Hall Davis in "STABLE COMPANIONS." 1s. 3d.-5s. inclusive.
NEW SCALA THEATRE—2.30 and 8.30. "The Loves of Pharaoh," a mighty spectacle of ancient Egypt. Mus. 6010.
PALACE THEATRE—(Gerr. 6858.) "The Prisoner of Zenda." Daily, 2.45, 8.30. Sun. 7.45. Last Two Weeks.
PHILHARMONIC HALL—(Mayfair 606.) Daily, 2.45, 8.15. Sun. 7.30. Raitcliffe Holmes' "Wildest Africa."
POLY CINEMA, Oxford-circus.—At 3.30, 6.10, 9. Douglas Fairbanks. "The Mark of Zorro." Four Seasons Interest.
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. 1.45 to 10.30. Matheson Lang in "Carnival." Bachelor's Baby.
TERRY'S THEATRE, Strand—Mack Sennett comedy, "Married Life." Todd v. Lewis Fight, etc.

EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHBN. Olympia. Opens today, 1 p.m. Admission 2s. (incl. tax). After 6 p.m. 1s. Brompton Town, the Royal Gardens, Eight Acres of Exhibits.

PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word minimum 5s.; name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

"DROWN Your Sorrows in Drink." The aches and pains of gout and rheumatism disappear by drinking Woodbine Blend Dry Cider regularly.—Write Whiteways, Whimple, Devon, for particulars.

SUPERFLOUROS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Cranville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tube. COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

SEE the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
CHAS. STILES AND CO.—Pianos by high-grade makers new and second-hand, for sale, hire or hire-purchase—inspection invited.—74-76, Southampton-row, W.C.1. Phone Museum 459.
PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21s. monthly.—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.



SAFE IN BED

DADDY'S on his way home when baby goes to bed. Doesn't see what ceremony there's been. But he does know that all round baby it's more fragrant, and more innocent than any other place he knows.

WHILE there isn't a thing allowed near to Parex Powder that could harm baby, all sorts of things are included which minister wisely and beautifully to health and comfort. It is good enough even for your baby. Yea, even yours!

Parex
BABY POWDER

Sold only by Pharmacists. Price 1/-

S. MAW, SON & SONS LTD.
Aldersgate St., LONDON
and at Barnet

That's Why You're Tired
—Out of Sorts—have no Appetite
Your Liver is Sluggish
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will help put you right in a few days.

They act quickly though gently, and give nature a chance to renew your health. Correct the immediate effects of constipation, relieve biliousness, indigestion and sick headache.
Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price



TRADE MARK



To those suffering from Boils, Abscesses, Whitlows, Carbuncles, Piles, Fistula, Puffy or Cystic Tumours, Foul-wound, or any Skin Disease, there is Nature's remedy in

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

It brings all the morbid matter to the surface, and heals from underneath—not closing up to break out again. For that reason, it is the remedy for Varicose Ulcers.

Invaluable as a genuine household remedy for Cuts, Burns, Stings, etc. Great Quantities from 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, etc.
E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

SOUTHAMPTON'S BRILLIANT CUP-TIE WIN OVER BURY



Southampton's winning goal. Richardson, the Bury goalkeeper, watches the ball cross the goal-line.



Richardson punches the ball away from the head of Rawlings, the Saints' centre forward.



Richardson saves a hot shot from Rawlings (right).



Allen, Southampton's goalkeeper, eludes a Bury forward.



A sea of smiling faces. Southampton supporters' delight at the home team's goal.

Southampton added to their long reputation as sturdy Cup-fighters by their brilliant win over Bury at The Dell yesterday by the only goal of the match. Over 19,000 people attended.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

An Indiscreet Confidence.

A Bed-Time Confession.

It was the indiscreet hour of midnight, and Clare and Leila sat by the fire making confidences to each other for which they would certainly be sorry next morning.

"You're so lucky, Clare," sighed Leila, "nothing devastating has ever happened to you and Adrian." "Oh! hasn't it," interrupted Clare. "My dear, right at the very beginning I made a fatal mistake which nearly put an end to everything."

"Do go on," said Leila. "Well, this is what happened. One day I met Adrian in Bond Street and he asked me to come and have tea. It was the very first time we had ever been alone, and, of course, I was frightfully anxious to make a good impression, but I couldn't help wondering all the time if my nose needed repowdering. I was as nice as I could be, and afterwards I said to Adrian that I supposed we should meet that night at Lady St. George's dance. He hesitated, and said he wasn't sure, though I knew he had accepted. My dear, from that day I never saw him again."

"Heaven!" said Leila, "how perfectly awful! What ever had you said?" "Said! I hadn't said anything. Of course, I was simply distracted, and I didn't know Adrian nearly well enough to ask him."

"What did you say?" "By the greatest stroke of luck I met Adrian's sister Betty, the married one you know, with that heavenly complexion, and she told me. What do you think happened?"

"Can't imagine, do go on." "Well, it appears that while we were having tea I took out my puff and powdered my nose. Apparently that upset Adrian completely. He simply can't bear girls who powder in public. It put him off me altogether, and he felt that he never wanted to see me again."

"I know lots of men feel like that, but what can one do? Powder simply won't stay on."

"Well, that's the point of my story. Like every one else I'd always admired Betty's complexion and envied her because she seemed never to have to bother about it. One day she told me that it was entirely due to the powder she used, Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. She said it stayed on for hours."

"And does it, really?"

"I should just think it does. Wait a minute and I'll show you." Clare stretched back her arm and handed the powder pot to Leila. "Smell! Isn't it delicious? and just feel a little. It's dewy and isn't it and marvelously fine, not a bit dry or gritty. That's why it's so clinging. Just powder your face lightly with Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and it will stay on for hours, even when you are dancing or out of doors."

"Well, that is worth knowing," said Leila.

"Yes, and it makes one's skin look perfectly fascinating. It gives the most adorable delicate bloom, so natural looking too. That is partly because one can match one's complexion exactly in Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. There are four shades. Nakurelle for people like us with brown hair and fair skins. While for very light blondes, Rachel for Brunettes like Betty, and Rosee for bright complexions."

"But to go on with my story, Pompeian BEAUTY Powder solved the whole difficulty for me. I began to use it and very soon found I no longer needed to be constantly re-powdering. Betty got Adrian to meet me in the country; there was a picnic. I was the only girl who did not re-powder her nose once... and we've lived happily ever afterwards."

"Well," said Leila, "after that I shall certainly use Pompeian Beauty myself."

Pompeian Beauty Powder

Has a captivating fragrance. Gives a peach-like bloom and soft even tone to the skin, is unusually clinging—stays on for hours. Made in four shades. Choose the tint that suits you best.

NATURELLE for skins of medium to warm colouring.
RACHEL for creamy, brunette complexions.
WHITE for very light blondes.
ROSEEE (pink) for bright complexions.

Price 2/6 of all Chemists and Stores.

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian—And Have It.

GUARANTEE: The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., Horsforth, Leeds.

Lovely Mary Pickford Pompeian Art Panel FREE

From Your Chemist!

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honoured Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel.

The reduced black and white reproduction at side cannot give any adequate idea of the exquisite colours of this Panel, which faithfully portrays the rare loveliness and charm of Miss Pickford. For its colouring alone the 1923 Pompeian Art Panel would be worth at least 2/6 at any Art shop, and the exclusiveness of its subject renders it almost priceless.

For a strictly limited period you can get one of these famous Mary Pickford Pompeian Art Panels absolutely FREE from your chemist with your purchase of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder or any other Pompeian Beauty Preparation.

Look for the Mary Pickford Panel in your chemist's windows. Then go in and buy your Pompeian Beauty Preparations at once and be in time for your Panel.

THE POMPEIAN CO. (Dept. H 111), Horsforth, Leeds.



Reproduction of the beautiful 1923 Art Panel (size 20 in. x 12 in.) FREE in colour with your purchase of any Pompeian Beauty Preparation.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is *your own fault*.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial*. If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **Holds Always**.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women, and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours*. Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-Risk Trial Offer**.

No other rupture support, truss device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY.

Free Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1914 K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer

Name.....

Address.....

Don't wear a truss
Brooks
Brooks Appliance Company Limited
Please write plainly.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1923.

THE MITCHAM MAZE.

WHY do not the Government bring forth their new Rent Bill, in time for the Mitcham election?

The Ministerial candidate, Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, says that this mystery measure is "ready—practically ready."

Ready—but not revealed!

Possibly not revealed, because likely to be unpopular?

We will not say so; but Mitcham evidently would like to be reassured. And we dare say that poor Sir Arthur would be glad to be allowed to reassure Mitcham.

His lips are sealed about the Bill, however; and he has to fall back on what Sir William Joynton-Hicks has called the "perfectly clear and definite statement" of the Prime Minister last Monday.

"Perfectly clear and definite?"

When did a conditional statement become definite? "Decorum in 1925—except for houses of a higher category. Those to 'come out' in 1924—unless there's a parliamentary resolution against it." This appears to be the Prime Minister's idea of definiteness.

But, in view of the Great Doubt about higher categories and Parliamentary Resolutions and 1924, it is surely excusable in middle-class voters not to be satisfied with this statement. Tenants are not satisfied with it. Builders are not satisfied. Nobody is sufficiently clear about it.

Only yesterday Mr. Pleyman wrote from the Land Union pleading for certainty, and for a definite date for all-round decontrol. "It is uncertainty which paralyzes industry."

Quite so. And it is uncertainty that is queering the Health Minister's chances at Mitcham.

LONDON TILES.

SEVERAL of our readers seem to be fascinated by the idea of refacing grimy city houses with gleaming tiles of various tints. It is an idea supported by Mr. Clynes, amongst others—the latest idea, in fact, for "beautifying" London.

It would certainly give our ancient city a shining morning face!

As to beauty, the architects and aesthetes had better tell us what they think. Rembrandt would hardly have welcomed this vision of universalised "tube" decoration.

Old tiles look very beautiful on Persian mosques and minarets, but modern tiles, picked out perhaps with pictures and advertisements? Obviously some restriction would have to be exercised upon the riot of "brightening."

But Mr. Clynes would not worry about that. A Minister of Ceramics, of course; a Department for Refronting; a Secretary of State for Tiles.

THE FIRST MAN.

OUR pious ancestors used to indulge in debates about the date of Adam and the period of Eden.

They had very modest ideas of time. Perhaps 5,000 years B.C., they thought, would bring us back to Noah? Be on the safe side. Say ten thousand.

Farther and farther back, however, into the night of geologic time, goes man!

We are told that the skull newly discovered in Patagonia may be, say, half a million years older than the half-a-million-years-old remnant of the Man Ape who has hitherto claimed the record. . . . The years of man—some sort of man—extend into the earth immeasurably.

These thousands of centuries mean nothing to us. We find the thought of this immense antiquity depressing. Has it taken so long to arrive only at the biggest war in history, with the present peace?

This, as Mr. Bonar Law might say, is "hastening slowly" indeed! W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

France and the Ruhr—For Whom Do Women Dress?—Old Furniture Collecting—Brighter Houses for London.

FRANCE'S RESOLVE.

EVIDENTLY it suits the purpose of some people to spread about the rumour that "some third party" is to intervene between France and Germany in the Ruhr.

I found these rumours everywhere in returning from a recent tour in Italy and Switzerland. In France there is no such talk.

The determination of France is not to leave the Ruhr until she is paid, as the recent declarations by MM. Millerand and Poincaré have made clear. She will not accept any intervention until her aim is achieved. A. C. L.

WELL-DRESSED WOMEN.

MISS KENNEDY states that women dress merely and solely for the pleasure they themselves derive from feeling smart. What would be woman's attitude towards dress if

ANTIQUE OR MODERN?

AFTER reading the evidence in the recent old furniture case, and also your leader on the subject, I cannot help thinking that what we need in these days is a larger supply of really beautiful modern furniture on the antique model.

This furniture would not be cheap, of course, for the very best materials and the very best workmen would be employed. But it would be better to try modern work than to go searching after frightfully expensive antiques.

There are several firms who are doing good work of this kind, but they need to be encouraged more than they are. A. COLLECTOR.

BRIGHTER HOUSES.

IT has been suggested that we should beautify London by imitating the East—building with glazed and tinted bricks instead of the ordinary

SUPPLY AND DEMAND IN "ANTIQUES."

TO ACCOUNT FOR THE NUMBER OF RINGS ATTRIBUTED TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, FINGERS HAVE THIS

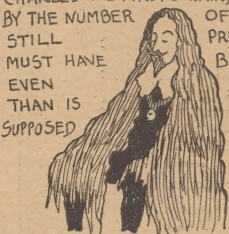


HER MUST PRESENTED APPEAR-ANCE

AS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, SHE MUST HAVE SPENT HER TIME IN JUMPING FROM ONE BED TO ANOTHER.



CHARLES THE FIRST'S HAIR, JUDGING BY THE NUMBER OF LOCKS STILL PRESERVED, MUST HAVE BEEN LONGER THAN IS USUALLY SUPPOSED



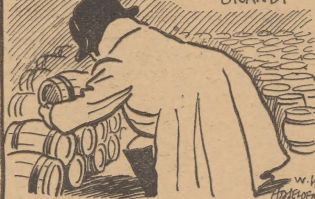
MARIE-ANTOINETTE AND HER ESCRITOIRES



SHOE-BUCKLES WORN BY GEORGE IV.



NAPOLÉON'S CHIEF ENERGIES MUST HAVE BEEN DEVOTED TO LAYING DOWN BRANDY



So many people want relics like these here shown that it is unreasonable to suspect that there should be enough to go round!

there were no other women to criticise and no men to admire elaborate apparel?

If (as I quite agree) woman must have some dominant interest with which to feed her mind, can she not satisfy that craving with something more substantially useful for her country in particular and the world in general? M. C.

THE desire to be well-dressed is prompted by a natural pride and self-respect, which show that women, like men, esteem the opinion of their fellow-beings.

It is our neighbours, and not ourselves, who look upon us all the day long.

How depressed we should become were all the world to don unbecoming and dowdy garments! Beauty of face and form is woman's birthright, and who would be so monstrous as to suggest that these should be marred by ugly clothing?

Why does Nature clothe herself in verdure and radiant hues? Mankind has taken up the refrain and is for ever striving for the expression of beauty in all his works. When women dress beautifully they are conforming to this elementary principle of our nature.

Moreover, in dress women reveal their skill, ingenuity and good taste.

ONE OF THE "WEAKER" SEX.

STILL PROFITEERING.

SHALL we never escape from unjustifiable profiteering? How can retail shopkeepers give the increased price of sugar as an excuse for an increase on jams and marmalade when they are so obviously charging this extra on old stocks? WOULD BE ECONOMIC.

kind, which become frightfully dirty-looking after a short time.

I think the glazed-brick suggestion quite a good one. They are cleaner and more hygienic than the usual type of bricks. It would at least make our London streets look more pleasant.

Everything should be done to cheer up our drab-looking buildings and houses. If we cannot afford to have the whole house painted in colour, I see no reason at all why we shouldn't paint our railings and front door in gay colours.

A walk round the artistic part of Chelsea will convince one how much brighter our streets would be if we followed the style adopted by artistic people. One can find lovely shades of blue, green and red for the front doors in that "arty" neighbourhood. M. W.

Stanhope-terrace.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 23.—Biennials are valuable subjects to have in the flower garden. Strong roots of wallflowers, with plenty of soil attached to the roots, may still be planted, although they should have been set out last autumn. Canterbury bells (single and double lilac, blue, rose and white) make grand masses of colour, as do those old favourites the Sweet Williams.

For shady borders foxgloves are most suitable. Given deep rich moist soil they will attain the height of 6 ft. The white variety is especially attractive. Scabious is always much in request for cutting, and the chimney campanula (pyramidalis) lifts its stately spikes in August. E. P. T.

ARE BUSINESS MEN THE BEST HUSBANDS?

WHY MANY WOMEN PREFER PRACTICAL MEN.

By ALEXIS BROOME.

ONCE upon a time I read (and reviewed) a story, written for girls, in which, when the moment came for the wedding bells to peal, the charming heroine was happily married, amid general congratulations, to "a handsome young grocer."

It seemed to me that there was something wrong about that.

Though I had (as I still have) a very high opinion of grocers and no wish whatever to see them all condemned to celibacy, it had not occurred to me that a romantic girl was likely to dream that she might be so fortunate as to obtain a grocer for her husband.

Not, indeed, that I was aware of any particular reason why she should prefer a butcher, a baker, a tallow chandler or a marine store dealer; but I did imagine that her passion for romance was more likely to make a hero of, say, a soldier, a sailor, a long-haired poet, a picturesque musician, or a potential Archbishop in the person of a pale young curate.

It seems, however, that I was the mistaken dupe of a literary convention.

The actual truth is, out—revealed in the columns of a popular French newspaper.

Women were invited by the editor to fill up coupons, stating what sort of men—engaged in what trades or callings—they would like their husbands to be.

A large number of his readers complied with his request; and the occupations commonly supposed to be romantic were nowhere in the competition.

THE "ROMANTIC" BRIDEGROOM.

The arts were out of favour. Airmen were almost at the bottom of the list. A vast majority of the voters declared that they aspired to marry "men of business."

Whether the reasons for this preference are romantic reasons or not, there is unquestionably a good deal to be said for it.

Men of business are far more numerous than either actors or airmen; and the fact, now publicly proclaimed, that most women attach more importance to their solid worth than to the glittering superficial qualities of their rivals will make for peace and the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

The average woman, too, likes to regard her husband as her private property—her own particular idol rather than the idol of the multitude, who may not see in his marriage any compelling reason why they should cease to be ostentatious and obtrusive in their admiration.

That ideal, it will be agreed, is more likely to be realised by the grocer's or butcher's or haberdasher's bride than by the wife of the romantic tenor, the handsome *jeune premier*, or even the dashing young "ace" of the air.

Romance, it is true, sometimes brings surprises even after the conclusion of the most suitable marriage; and it may be admitted to be more likely that the grocer's wife will subsequently fall in love with an actor or an airman than that the lady whom an airman or an actor has wooed and won will eventually succumb to the fascination of a grocer or other man of business.

On the whole, the choice which the French newspaper records is a wise one; and all men of business should be grateful to women for giving them so good a conceit of themselves.

Why It Must Be ZAM-BUK

Because Zam-Buk differs entirely from mere ointments in that it is prepared from certain rare herbal extracts which endow it with exceptional curative power. It is also entirely free from lard and other animal fats and from mineral poisons.

Zam-Buk is a highly concentrated medicine and unlike any existing preparation.

It can always be depended upon to cure even obstinate skin complaints.

For over a generation has Zam-Buk been tested with never-varying success. It uproots disease, allays itching and inflammation, and grows new skin in an unprecedented manner.

Zam-Buk is a real scientific skin medicine. Don't waste your time and money on "dressings" and coarse ointments.

We will Dance

till

Doomsday



Fifty Professional dancers always in attendance.

WE can express ourselves in words only to a point, but by dancing—to a nicety. We dance figuratively to all our emotions, but environment, of course, controls the measure of our abandon. There is no restraining influence, however, in the ballroom. Given the well known and unrivalled facilities of the Palais Hammersmith, your every mood is catered for. From grave to gay are the natural limits. Only misery fails to find an echoing chord.

See the joy of life reflected in the eyes of home-going dancers. So we will dance till doomsday.

Novelty Nights every Thursday. Free Carnivals and Novelties.

TWO SESSIONS DAILY.

Afternoon, from 3.0—6.0 p.m.
2/6

Evenings, from 8.0—12.0 p.m.
Mon., Wed., Fri., 2/6
Tues., Thurs., Sat., 5/-

FRIDAY,

MARCH 9, 1923.
MI-CAREME CARNIVAL BALL

and BATTLE OF FLOWERS in Aid of the Funds of the QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.
Dancing 8 p.m. till 2 a.m.
ADMISSION

PALAIS de The DANSE

London — Hammersmith.

W. F. MITCHELL, Sole Managing Director. H5123

KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE

of Linseed, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c.

In each dose are concentrated the most valuable remedies known to medical and botanical science for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, etc. Over fifty years' proven efficacy. All Chemists, large size 2/-, smaller 1/3.

Trade "Linseed Compound." Mark.

for COUGHS & COLDS

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for Dogs.

A Certain Cure for a trouble that affects most dogs at times, causing DIARRHŒA, LOSS OF CONDITION, SICKNESS, and a Staring Coat. Also



SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for PUPPIES & TOY DOGS.

and for Dogs of the size of Alredales and upwards.

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for LARGE DOGS.

ALL IN BOXES.
Price 1/3, 2/6 & 6/3.

Of all Stores, Chemists and Corn Merchants.

A. F. SHERLEY & CO., Ltd., 46-48, Boro' High St., London, S.E.1.

WARD'S CORK LINO

GREAT PRICE REDUCTIONS
Carr. Paid
England
or Wales.

2/3 Per Sq. Yard.

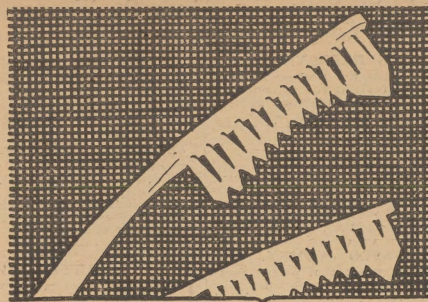
Example: 3 yards by 3 yards, 21 Os. 3d.

ALL PERFECT GOODS.

Patented Free on request to Room 5.

WARD'S STORES, LTD.

Sisters Corner, Tottenham, N.15.



INQUISITIVENESS

INQUISITIVENESS may be a nuisance in a friend, or a relation. In a tooth brush it's a great virtue. It's the special and peculiar quality of the Meritor tooth brush. There never was anything like the Meritor tooth brush for wanting to know, and not only wanting to know, but getting to know.

It's because the Meritor tooth brush has been made and shaped in the light of the big vital fact that there's a back to the teeth as well as a front; that there are crevices and crannies and passages.

And its beautiful bristles are fixed by a fine craftsmanship for ever and a day.

There are Meritor Brushes for every toilet need.

They are sold only by Pharmacists: at most reasonable prices. A printed guarantee with every Meritor Brush

MERITOR BRUSHES for PARTICULAR PEOPLE

S. MAW, SON & SONS Ltd
Aldersgate Street, LONDON
and at Barnet



Post Free: "The Gospel of the Brush" a booklet no one should miss

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ALFRED CHARLES WILLIAM VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE DECEASED Pursuant to the Statute 22 and 23 Victoria Chapter 35 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all Creditors and other persons having any claims or demands upon or against the Estate of THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ALFRED CHARLES WILLIAM VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE late of 1 Carlton Gardens, Westminster in the County of Middlesex and of "Elmwood" Broadstairs in the County of Kent, Deceased, who died at 1 Carlton Gardens aforesaid on the 14th day of August 1922 in and whose Will with the three Codicils thereto was proved and registered in the Principal Probate Registry of His Majesty's High Court of Justice on the 23rd day of February 1923, when Administration to all the Estate which by law devolves to and vests in the Personal Representative of the said Deceased was granted by the aforesaid Court to Henry Preuss Arnholz and Sir George Augustus Sutton Baronet, the Executors named in the said Will. The Right Honourable Sir Henry Edward Duke Knight, the President, having on the 1st day of February 1923 in an Action entitled "Northcliffe v. Arnholz and Sutton" pronounced for the force and validity of the said Will and Codicils, AIE HEREBY REQUIRED to send in writing the particulars of their claims or demands to us the undersigned the Solicitors for the said Executor Henry Preuss Arnholz on or before the 10th day of April 1923 at the under-mentioned address. AND NOTICE IS HEREBY ALSO GIVEN that at the expiration of the last-mentioned day the assets of the Deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which the said Executors shall then have notice. And that the said Henry Preuss Arnholz will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received.

DATED this 24th day of February 1923.

RUSSELL AND ARNOLDS.

3 and 4, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.2.

Solicitors for the said Executor.

DRESS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A BABY'S Charming Complete Layette; beautiful Swiss robes, gowns, nighties, vests, shawls, flannels, towels, robeslips, Terry napkins, etc., etc.; accept 2s. 6d.; bargain; send 2s. 6d. for parcel on appro—Mrs. E. Barker, 31, Broadchurch Road, South.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Layette, 50 pieces, 30s.; a permanent approval—Mrs. W. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

A BABY'S long clothes, 82 articles; 42s. 6d.; home-made, worth 25; robes, flannels, etc.; 2s. weekly; approval first 3s.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Unbridge Road, W.12.

CORSETS, old style; heavy drab Jean, fitted wholehour; 6s. pair; post free—Alder's Corset Factory, Dept. M., Portsmouth.

DRESSMAKING—Wherever you live you can now learn, in your own home during spare time, to plan and completely make all your own and your children's clothes and save half or more on everything. Or you can prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery and have a copy, profitable shop of your own. Simple, practical, complete new method, endorsed by experts and 150,000 delighted members. Write for catalogue for handsome free book and please tell us whether you are most interested in Home or Professional Dressmaking or Millinery—Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Ltd., Room 13, 71, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ELEGANT Muslin Seal Gown Coat, latest style, roll collar; richly silk lined, superb 40gn. model, as new, light green; approval—Maid, 6, Claydon Road, S.W.8.

LADIES' lovely 52s. mackintosh for 15s.; gent's 15s.; 1 new; approval—R. 75, Gorton Road, Coventry.

LADIES' send 5s. for 2 pair Black Art Silk or real wool hose—Swift Postal Co., Northampton.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

AFRICAN Grey parrots, talking, 27 lines: Amazon Parrots, talking, 70s.: Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 40s.; list free—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.



Velma

DELICIOUS, wholesome Chocolat Suchard—mellow, smooth and velvety to the palate—the best in Chocolate yet—that's Velma.

Velma is extremely palatable, nourishing and sustaining. Suchard's 96 years' experience of chocolate making is wrapped in every gold-cornered packet.

Insist on Velma—it costs no more, but it means so much. Full packets, full size and weight, 4d., 8d. and 1/4.

MILKA

Suchard's Swiss Milk Chocolate. Exquisitely creamy; the children's favourite.

CAFOLA

Suchard's latest—a superb café au lait flavoured chocolate. Like Velma & Milka untouched by hand throughout.

4d., 8d., 1/4

4d., 8d., 1/4

CHOCOLAT Suchard

Look for the gold corner on the packet. It is your guarantee of purity, quality, quantity, the best in chocolate yet.



DELAYS & DRUGS

are dangerous. If you suffer from any persistent complaint such as Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Diabetes, Gout, Asthma, Eczema or Ulcers for which medicine and Doctors have failed to give relief, send to-day for a FREE copy of Dr. Loin's report on the twenty drugless cures of M. Hamon, the eminent Doctor-Priest. Doctor Loin of the Faculty of Paris, not only made an exhaustive analysis of these remedies but personally investigated numerous authentic features where extraordinary cures have actually been achieved by M. Hamon. FREE complimentary copy on receipt of postcard.

(Under Distinguished Pat. Oange).

BOTANICAL & MARINE LABORATORIES, 43B, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2 U.P.

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



"Excellent with every dish—Meat or Cheese or 'Low' or Fish."

Ref. Holbrook

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General



Miss Winifred McCarthy, the young actress, is playing the part of Miss George in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" at the Queen's.



Mr. Ronald Ward, who plays the young hunting man in "The Young Lady," the successful comedy at the Savoy.

WAITING FOR MITCHEAM.

The Russell Case—Society at Biarritz—International Air Congress.

I LIKE THAT REMARK of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks that the Government have a Housing Bill ready which would be of service to them as an electioneering weapon and yet which they withhold! This is a new thing in politics, but I fear a cynical world will laugh derisively when they hear it. What the Government are doing is to avoid committing themselves to any further expression of opinion until Mitcham has made up its mind for tranquillity-seeking Ministers.

Women Angered.

I have no doubt that a very large percentage of Conservative voters will go to the poll in support of the Independent, Mr. Catterall. Women are eagerly awaiting the day when they may express their anger at the Government's wobbling over houses—wobbling which affects their homes, their health, their income.

At the Law Courts.

There were crowds both at the front and back of the Law Courts yesterday at the hour when the personalities in the Russell case were expected to arrive. Lord and Lady Amphil, with their son the Hon. John Russell, entered the court shortly before two o'clock, at which time Mr. Justice Hill was due to take his seat. Mrs. Russell, who was quietly dressed in black, was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Hart.

Women First.

Men predominated in the queue of people who waited to get into the public gallery, but when I got into court I noticed that most of those in the front row were women. The wall of the court was crowded with barristers and law students, including some from India. I noticed Miss Helen Normanton, the barrister. She came into court with Mr. Cotes Preedy.

Dull and Stuff!

Most of the time yesterday was occupied with Sir E. Marshall-Hall's opening statement on behalf of the husband, innumerable letters being read. The proceedings were, as a matter of fact, extremely dull, and this, combined with a lack of ventilation, caused many people to leave early.

The Prince's Neighbour.

The Hon. Sir Sidney Greville has returned from the Riviera, where he has been since Christmas. Sir Sidney has had rather a bad time of late, and had a longish spell in Sister Agnes' Nursing Home, but he is now considerably improved in health. His bachelor home in London is a delightful creeper-covered house, which forms part of St. James' Palace, next door to the Prince of Wales' residence, which was found most convenient during the time he acted as Comptroller of his Royal Highness' Household.

The Boat Race.

The Boat Race, which is less than a month off, has now come into the area of social topics. At many a dinner table opinions are being expressed on the chances of the crews, and invariably one hears mentioned, almost with bated breath, that Oxford has two Americans in her boat! One of these is Mr. G. I. Mellen, of Midlesex School, Concord, U.S.A., who will stroke the crew.

Old Etonians.

It will be the first time that an American has occupied this important position in a Varsity boat. Experts agree that Oxford has her best boat! One of these is Mr. G. I. Mellen, of Midlesex School, Concord, U.S.A., who will stroke the crew. The last four races have been won by Cambridge. In the Cantab crew this year there are no fewer than four old Etonians.



Mr. Mellen.

The Queen and J. M. Barrie.

The Queen, I hear, was much interested the other afternoon in Sir James Barrie's "Half an Hour," for her Majesty is a great admirer of this popular author. Although so familiar with his writings, I believe the Queen had never met Sir James till last autumn, when she was on her western tour and went over to Stanway, where Sir James was staying. Stanway is Lord Wemyss' place in Gloucestershire.

At Biarritz.

The Duchess of Norfolk usually pays a visit to Biarritz in the spring, and she is doing so again this year. Lady Rachel Howard is accompanying her mother. She, too, has been there before, but she was not officially "out" last year, so did not go to any of the dances.

The Golf Committee.

The golf course at Biarritz is being considerably improved. There is a very strong committee, which includes, amongst other Englishmen, Lord Derby, Lord Wemyss and Lord Lurgan, and one or more of these usually spend a few weeks out there every year.

Where King Edward Stayed.

Mrs. Jarrett is in the South of France, but will be back for her nephew—Mr. Clare Vyner's—wedding. Mrs. Jarrett is familiar with the Riviera, for the chateau St. Anne belonged to her father, and King Edward was often a guest there when he went to the Côte d'Azur.

State of the Theatre.

The public is told constantly that the English theatre is in decay. This, says Mr. Basil Dean, is sheer nonsense. He also rejects the idea that the "public gets what it deserves." At the same time he thinks the theatre in England is woefully behind the times. Good dramatists, good artists and good actors abound, and new forces cannot remain in subjection much longer.

The Playbox.

The Playbox is to be Mr. Dean's share in the new era. It will have its habitat at the St. Martin's Theatre, and will be open to the public on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. Interesting modern plays will be produced, including an occasional foreign piece. Highly successful plays will go into an evening bill.

Not Engaged!

I am requested by both Mr. Henry Baynton and Miss Alice de Grey to contradict the announcement, upon which I commented yesterday, that they are engaged to be married. Miss de Grey is a daughter of Lord Walsingham, and Mr. Baynton is the young Shakespearean actor who has made such a great success with his company in the provinces.

Visitors to Paris.

Visitors to Paris this week include Lady Marjorie Beckett and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. Lady Algernon will stay with Mme. Wedell, who was so well known in London as Mme. von André. She was always beautifully dressed, and had prematurely white hair, which was very becoming.

Lady Betty Butler.

Lady Betty Butler has gone to stay with Lady Rudd in Rome. Lady Betty lives almost entirely with the young Duchess of Sutherland, who is at present on a visit to Sir John and Lady Ward in the South of France. She is a keen tennis player, and has been on the courts a good deal.

"Inheritance."

On Sunday next, at King's Hall, Covent Garden, the Interlude Players are giving a three-act play, "Inheritance," by E. Almaz Stout. Miss Stout is well known to our readers as the author of the recent popular serial, "The Way of Sacrifice."

Dewi Sant.

St. David's Day will be celebrated to-day wherever Welshmen are scattered throughout the world. In Wales the day is increasingly observed as a holiday, both in schools and in places of business.

Woman's Opportunity.

The most discerning men, I am told, are the first to admit that women are the shrewdest judges of feminine beauty. Undoubtedly there is a great deal in this contention. Mere man is influenced by many considerations, but woman forms a dispassionate opinion on the features of her own sex. For this reason I shall not be surprised if a large number of the £100 prizes, offered each week in our new Beauty Competition for the selection of the six loveliest faces, are won by women. Certainly every woman reader of *The Daily Mirror* should take part in the voting. It costs nothing, and it may bring a £100 prize.

"Cranford" Dramatized.

Students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art will give at the end of the present term a performance of "Come Through a Cranford Door," by Frank Lind and Irene Ross. This is, I believe, to be the first attempt at a full-stage version of Mrs. Gaskell's famous novel, "Cranford." It is in four acts, and includes songs of the period.

Fatal to Kings.

March is a month that is traditionally fatal to kings. In this month Alexander II. of Russia was killed by a bomb explosion, King George of Greece assassinated and the Tsar Paul assassinated. Other victims of March have been our own William III., Henry IV., Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Civil Service Salaries.

The fall in the Civil Service bonus, which dates from to-day, means that Whitehall has suffered severe "cuts" since the glorious days of March, 1921. Then, the man with a basic salary of £500 enjoyed an income of £904, which is now down to £696. Similarly, the official with a salary of £300 "drew" £590, and now has to be satisfied with £440. The official with a basic salary of £100 gloried in a real income of £257 in March, 1921, and now draws only £176.



The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, M.B.E., wife of the famous mathematician.



Lord George Scott, son of the Duke of Buccleuch, has recovered from pneumonia.

Author Shopkeeper.

That clever dramatic critic Mr. James Agate has just reprinted some of his Saturday articles under the appropriate title, "At Half-past Eight." A few years ago Mr. Agate, finding the rewards of authorship somewhat inadequate, endeavoured to supplement his income by opening a shop in London.

Air Congress.

The International Air Congress will take place, on the invitation of the British Government, under the presidency of Group Captain the Duke of York, at London, from June 25 to June 30. Previous congresses have taken place at Paris, Chicago, Milan and Nancy.

R.A.F. Pageant.

The opening paper will be read in the large hall of the Institute of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, St. James' Park. The second day of the conference will be devoted to visits to places of aeronautical interest. On the last day all overseas and foreign members of the congress will be invited to attend the Royal Air Force Pageant.

Home, Sweet Home Again

A correspondent writes pointing out the analogy between "Home, Sweet Home," and another famous song, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby." The former is the sole survivor of a poor and long forgotten opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and the latter is all that remains of an unlucky cantata "Lallah Rookh," by Clay, produced many years ago by Kluke at the Brighton Pavilion. Both are sempiternal.

THE RAMBLER.

WINOX CELEBRITIES

MARIE ILLINGTON
says:—
"I feel sure that a glass of WINOX at 11 a.m. is most invigorating but not intoxicating."

THE Best Wine Tonic in the world is only

Champagne Quart Size Bottle.

5/-
Pint Size 2/9

Why pay more—

when you can get a champagne quart size bottle of Winox, the best Wine Tonic in the world, for 5/-. Many thousands of Doctors recommend WINOX to their patients and drink it themselves, because WINOX is the only tonic wine which discloses its full analysis on every bottle. It is delicious. Drink it now, regularly, and guard against that 'run-down' state which invites disease.

Medical men naturally insist on knowing that the tonic they prescribe is absolutely pure and contains no deleterious drugs. Only WINOX gives this undeniable guarantee.

WINOX

SOLD WHEREVER WINE TONICS are SOLD

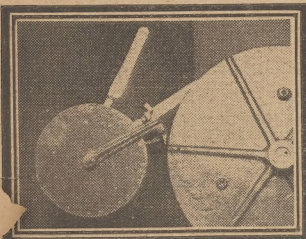
If you have any difficulty in getting Winox, write direct for a Free Sample Bottle, enclosing 6d. for postage and packing, to

WINOX LTD., RICHMOND, SURREY.

A MAGIC MACHINE



An ingenious machine capable of cleaning windows, both inside and out. By means of simple attachments it can be adapted to a variety of tasks, including the cleaning of—



—knives at the rate of 1,000 an hour. Power is supplied by an easily-worked treadle. Yet another attachment—



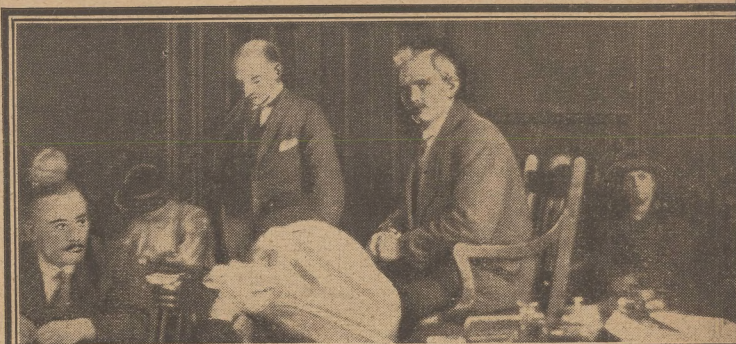
—supplies a revolving polisher for cleaning glasses and similar articles.

A magic machine capable of being adapted to an apparently inexhaustible number of tasks, as shown above. Three services are mentioned.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

BROTHER'S STORY OF WILL IN NEWPORT MYSTERY



Dr. Alfred Arthur, who attended Mrs. Morgan.



Mr. Henry Anthony, brother of the late Mrs. Morgan, giving evidence at the inquest yesterday.

Mr. Anthony, during his evidence concerning the death of his sister, Mrs. Jennie Morgan, at Newport yesterday, said Mr. Morgan told him a will had been drawn up all in favour of the children, giving them the power to turn him out.



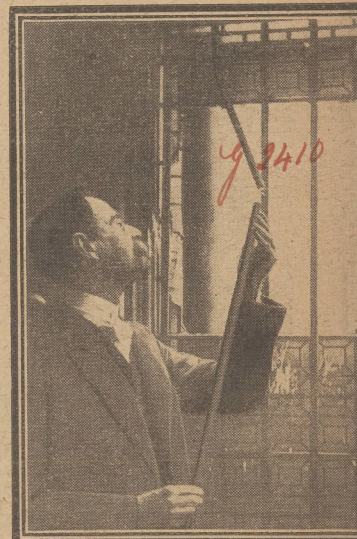
CHAMPION OF FAIR RENTS.—Mr. J. T. Catterall, Independent Conservative candidate at Mitcham, addressing a meeting of workers at the Croydon Aerodrome. They readily appreciate the gravity of the rent issue.—(Daily Mirror.)



OXFORD'S SWIMMING JUDGE.—Mrs. R. Dickenson, of the Merton Baths, Oxford, the official judge of swimming tests for the University Boat Club. She has issued over 100 certificates.



TWO LINGFIELD WINNERS.—Above, Mrs. Bennett's King George, with J. Hogan, jun., in the saddle, winning the Baldwins Hurdle Race at Lingfield yesterday. Below, Memento, F. Rees up, winning the Orpington Steeplechase.—(Daily Mirror.)



JEWEL THIEVES' FRIGHT.—Sawn-through in at the window of a jeweller's shop in the Strand, which thieves entered and took £3,000 worth of goods. Leaving, they were alarmed and dropped their booty, of which was recovered.

THE M.C.C. TEAM'S MATCH WITH TRANSVAAL AT JOHANNESBURG



Russell (left) and Sandham going out to open the cricket match between the M.C.C. team and the Transvaal at Johannesburg. Russell has since become the hero of the tour by his splendid Test match play.



Mann (left), the M.C.C. captain, inspecting the wicket.



Nosser (wearing gloves) leading out the Transvaal team.



Miss Collette O'Neil, who is one of the two orphans in the play "The Orphans," revived at the Lyceum Theatre, London, last night.



Mr. T. H. Bywater dashed through the flames and rescued his wife and two children from a fire at Garrison street, Birmingham.



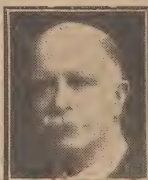
LUNATIC FIRE VICTIMS.—The ruins of the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane, on Ward's Island, New York, after its destruction by fire. Some thirty inmates perished in the flames.



POOL'S GRIM RECORD.—The old Roman bath in the grounds of Gulsborough House, Northants, in which Miss Eoline Thompson (inset) was found drowned. Her father was also drowned in the pool, a few years ago.



PURITAN MODE.—A dainty gown of green taffetas with collar and cuffs of white organdie. Its simplicity is relieved by an attractive trimming of black ribbon velvet.



Mr. James A. Hood, J.P., the Scottish coalowner, has given £15,000 for the endowment of a Chair of Mining at Edinburgh University.



Judge Wakely, whose residence, Ballyburl, near Edenderry, King's Co., has been burned to the ground.



WIRELESS HOME.—The loud-speaker tower on the Round Hill estate of Colonel E. H. R. Green, U.S.A., who has turned the estate into a wireless testing ground.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

MY TYPEWRITER GOES WRONG.

Daily Mirror Office:

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

No doubt you wizz-be xathex puzzled when you read this, but it isn't my fault—you see, my typewriter has gone wxong, and these axe certain zettexs which have got stuck somehow, so I have to use an "x" and a "z" instead. Have you guessed yet what the lettexs axe? It is afuwxo awkward and I am textxibxy annoyed about it, but what am I to do? Thank goodness, I can type some things which haven't an "x" or a "z" in them, but, sooner or latex—these you axe!—they wizz come in and make my whoze zettex zook pexfectxy sizzly!

Wait a minute, I wizz examine the woxkz. Ah, I see, of couxse—the hammox of the

"MORE HASTE—LESS SPEED."

The Sad Story of a Slow Journey.

"Oh, mother, do hurry!" cried Dorothy Grub; "The bill is beginning at two! I'm already arrayed in hat and sunshade, And the Snail is waiting for you!"

"Bless the child! Have patience!" said old Mrs. Grub;

"Can't you see I'm doing my best? These ribbons too pale? Now, where is my veil?"

Do you think I am tastefully dressed?"

"Of course, my dear mother," said Dorothy Grub;

"Now hurry—we've no time to lose!"

"My daughter, keep calm—leave go of my arm! I really must tie up my shoes!"

At last mother and child, after many delays, Were dressed and ready to start;

A "DRAWING" ROOM GAME.

Something to Amuse You When You Have a Party.

HERE is a splendid game that will amuse your friends—especially if there are plenty of them—at your next party. It is quite simple to play.

Pencils and papers are required, because it is a drawing game, but you need not be an artist to join in. Of course, if you have a turn for comic drawing it makes the game much jollier.

Each player is given a slip of paper and has to draw a head. Any head—bird, beast or man—will do; copying is allowed, and, if you like, you might copy Squeak's funny head, or perhaps Pip or Wilfred.

When you have drawn the head you fold the paper over so that only the end of the neck is visible. Then you pass it on to your neighbour, who draws the rest of the body down to the waist, while you are drawing the body to the head passed on to you by your other neighbour.

The paper is again folded and the slips passed on; then the players fill in the legs and feet.

When everyone has finished the slips are screwed up and thrown into a heap, and then opened out and passed round. As you may imagine, some of the results are screamingly funny. For instance, you might get a weird-looking creature, with a penguin's head, a body attired in a frock coat and legs like a sailor's.

Prizes can be awarded to the three people who have contributed the different parts in the funniest picture.

If you know any really good new games, write and tell me about them. For any which I describe on three pages I will award a prize. But it isn't any use sending in any of the old favourites, such as "Consequences" or "Mystery Towns." Everyone knows these, of course. Perhaps some of you will be clever enough to invent a game!

A PRETTY LITTLE TOY.

WOULD you like to make your baby brother or sister a little windmill for a little patience it is quite easy.

Take a piece of stiff coloured paper about three or four inches square and fold from corner to corner. Then cut down the black lines you see in Fig. 1 below, stopping where the dotted lines begin.

Now fold each alternate corner so that the point comes exactly over the middle of the square. (See Fig. 2.) The next thing to do is to stick a pin through each of the corners into a good-sized cork or piece of wood, but not so tightly as to prevent the paper turning round with ease.

All you have to do now is to fix a piece of stick to the cork, merely by making a little hole with a penknife, and thrusting it in. When baby holds up the stick in the wind the little wheel of coloured paper will turn merrily round. It will look ever so pretty, and baby will love it.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Follow the directions carefully.

to run along to make her windmill revolve. It will also look very jolly fastened on to the handle-bars of a bicycle, and the motion will cause the wheel to turn.

FIRESIDE "CHESTNUTS."

If a wood was set on fire, what trees would be left?—The ashes.

What still works when it is on strike?—A clock.

Why is the 12.50 train hard to catch?—Because it is ten to one if you catch it.

Why can negroes be trusted with secrets?—Because they always keep dark.

How can you make a thin boy fat?—Drop him over a cliff and he will come down plump.

Why is "h" a cure for deafness?—Because it makes the ear hear.

What pen is never for writing?—A sheep pen. What is the left side of a round apple dumping?—That which is not eaten.

Mother! Break Child's Cold

Give

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Whatever else you give your child to relieve a bad cold, sore throat or congestion, be sure to first open the little one's bowels with "California Syrup of Figs," to get rid of the poisons and waste which are causing the cold and congestion. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works the constipation poison, sour bile and waste right out. Even if you call your family doctor he will praise you for having given "California Syrup of Figs" as the laxative because it never fails, never gripes or overacts, and even sick children love its pleasant taste.

Ask for genuine "California Syrup of Figs" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Of all chemists, ls. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup



'Cuticura Talcum Is Ideal For Baby's Skin

After a warm bath with Cuticura soap baby knows there is nothing more refreshing for his tender skin than Cuticura Talcum. If his skin is irritated or rashy Cuticura Ointment is soothing and healing. Soap ls. Talcum ls. 3d. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 21, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1.

✓ Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



WHEN MILK IS NOT ENOUGH

At three months old you should start giving baby M.O.F. Milk and milk foods alone are not then enough. M.O.F. is rich in the proteins which build sturdy bones and muscles.

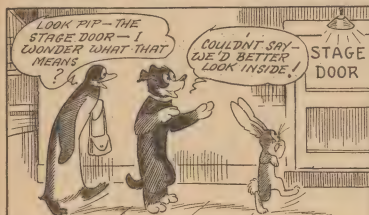
Invalids, too, will enjoy M.O.F. Its flavour is delicious, and it gives real nourishment in the most easily digested form.

SCOTT'S M.O.F. FOOD

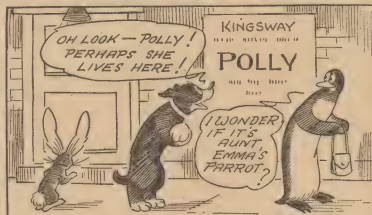
One thousand doctors recommend it.

Made by A. & R. Scott, Ltd., Colinton, Midlothian. Mothers of Scott's Lorange Oats. If you have difficulty in obtaining supplies send 1/9 direct to Colinton for full size tin, and state name of your Grocer or Chemist.

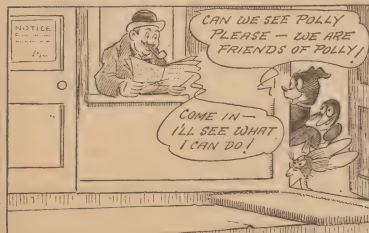
PETS THOUGHT "POLLY" WAS AUNT EMMA'S PARROT



1. While walking in town yesterday the pets passed a mysterious-looking "Stage door."



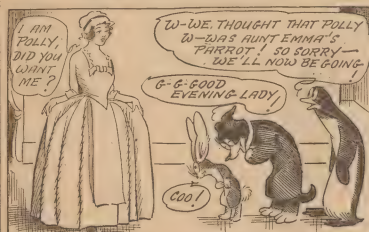
2. When Squeak saw the notice "Polly" on the wall she thought it might be Aunt Emma's parrot.



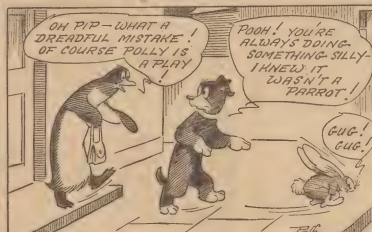
3. They peeped inside the door and asked the door-keeper if "they might see Polly."



4. While waiting in a passage a "call-boy" (in a hurry) greatly astonished them.



5. And then Polly, the charming Polly of the play, appeared. Squeak stammered something and then—



6. All three pets, feeling very abashed, hurried outside. Of course, Pip blamed Squeak!

Letter's had got jammed. At Least I can now use the Letter's R and L, although, for some unknown Reason, they will print as capitals. Just a minute—I think I know what is the trouble.

At last—I have mended it! What a relief! All this time, dear children, I have felt like somebody tongue-tied. I should never have thought that two little letters of our language made such a difference. Yet, just look at the opening lines of my letter. I expect when you started reading it that you wondered what on earth had happened. I dare say you opened your eyes very wide and exclaimed: "What language is this? Poor old Uncle Dick or the printer has got awfully mixed up this morning. Puzzled I—what a most extraordinary word!"

I'm very glad, anyway, that I can now type my letter without saying things like feeling "pexfectxy sizzly" or being "textxibxy annoyed." It is a great nuisance, however, because I have taken up all this space in starting my letter, and now there is hardly room to say any of the nice things I was going to say.

Well, as I was coming to the office this morning—it was a lovely morning, with the lark singing overhead—what do you think happened? I sqw, sitting on a trge, q—oh, I say, it is too bad, I can't go on! This is worst thqn gvr. Good-bye qll!

Your affectionate Uncle Dick

And the Snail need wait no more at the gate—He looked remarkably smart!

They mounted up quickly on top of his house; "Now hurry!" cried Dorothy. "Go!"

Think you're running a race! Is this your best pace? Oh, hurry! You're terribly slow!"

In spite of poor Dorothy's cries and "gee-ups!"

The Snail crawled along—like a snail!

Until Dorothy leapt from her seat, and she wept, As she gave him a bang on his tail!

"Hurry up!" cried Dorothy Grub.

The Snail in wrath retired to his house, And he drew in both of his eyes;

The Grubs never at all arrived at the ball—They had turned into butterflies! —J. F.

POOR BABY!

Jaek was looking curiously at his little baby brother, who was only a few days old. "I say, mummy," he said suddenly, "aren't we going to plant any hair on his head?"

14 Days' SALE

COMMENCING TO-MORROW

In all our 270 Branches

REDUCTIONS

2/- to 10/- in £

IN

GREENOCK KNITTING WOOLS,
HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR,
and all WOOLLEN GOODS.

Ladies' Pure Wool Hose - 1/6 PER PAIR.
Men's Pure Wool Half-Hose 1/3 PER PAIR.

SCOTCHWOOL & HOSIERY STORES

Proprietors: FLEMING, REID & Co., Ltd., The Worsted Mills, GREENOCK.

DIPLOMA

FULL CREAM
English
CONDENSED

Wills United
Dairies, Ltd.,
Trowbridge, Wilt.

MILK



Where baby trod the butter in

The spot where baby trod the butter in. It looks as if the spot is there for keeps (or else the whole carpet must be sent to the Cleaner's).

There's no need to trouble. Hustler soap will shift it. Hustler is the most useful soap to have in the house. Use it for washing up and washing down.

A bar of Hustler will often put you on your feet, where another soap would leave you scrubbing on your hands and knees.

HUSTLER SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.

LONDON, E.16.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes.

These cigarettes are made from wholesome, medicinal herbs and berries, and when smoked produce an antiseptic, healing, germ-destroying vapour that reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain NO TOBACCO, NO CUBES, ARE NON-HABIT-FORMING, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

How Smoke Penetrates

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smoke-pipe or chimney will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the closets, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate to the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of Catarrh you will immediately recognise it is only necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, use it regularly for a sufficient length of time, and success is assured.

How to Know When You Have Catarrh

Some of the following symptoms are generally manifested: headache, bleeding at the nose, offensive breath, huskiness of the voice; inflamed or watery eyes; impaired sense of smell or taste—either or both; seeds expelled from the nostrils, difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed; frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, pain in the forehead; blowing the nose; dropping of phlegm into the throat, inducing hawking and spitting.

In Catarrh of the throat there is hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. In catarrhal deafness there is failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring, popping, etc.

A Successful Method

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration by medicines swallowed into the stomach, ALONE, when you can apply a healing remedy right to the diseased parts.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the majority of Catarrh remedies and treatments. One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments or balms, and they do not reach more than one-tenth of the diseased parts. Whether the medicine itself has healing virtue or not, it cannot heal where it does not reach the disease. All remedies applied in these ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

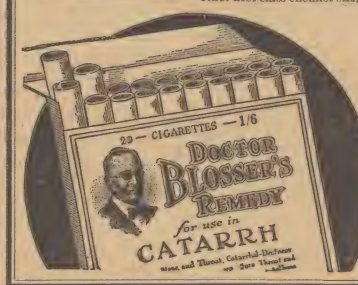
In contrast to all these is Dr. Blosser's Remedy, by which a pleasant, warm smoke-vapour, heavily laden with medicinal extracts, is applied to every affected spot, immediately to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes, disinfecting the sores, destroying the germs and setting up a healing process. It is on sale in 1s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. sizes at Boots, and most other first-class chemist shops.



Fig. 1 shows the wide extent to which Catarrh may spread all through the head and nose, down the throat and possibly into the lungs. Note the slender tubes through which a remedy must go to reach all of these parts, which any remedy, to be successful, must reach.



Fig. 2 shows the same parts shown in Fig. 1, but is shown black because the smoke vapour from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach every part, which is impossible with sprays, douches, ointments, and salves. These illustrations show why other methods of treating Catarrh fail, while Dr. Blosser's Remedy 'Hits the Spot.'



Post this COUPON for TRIAL PACKAGE

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 105, T.C.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes.

Name.....

Street.....

Town or City.....

(Spell out name with a pencil very, very plainly.)

CLARNICO

EVERYWHERE YOU GO—Shopping.

A popular daily habit now is to go shopping with CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS.

Start shopping to-day by calling at the first confectioners you see and take CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS on your tour of the other shops.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are made of sparkling cane sugar, rich butter and full-cream milk, blended with selected Brazil nuts.

Remember this little treat for yourself when you start shopping to-day.

8d. per ½ lb.
Of all Confectioners

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

Discovered by: CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London. Established 50 years.

LILY BRAZILS

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS GREAT MARRIED LIFE STORY TO-DAY THE MYSTERY HUSBAND

By A. J. RUSSELL



What was she to do? What would Ronald say if she allowed Martinio to go away without securing him? "What is your fee, Mr. Martinio?" Eve suddenly inquired. "In America," Martinio shook his mop of black hair and said "America" in a tone of awe—"I get five hundred dollars a concert."

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

"THAT young man is growing too self-important," was Mrs. Manson's opinion of Ronald Sturdee, her prospective son-in-law. He left the village of Redway Bank, where Mrs. Manson is postmistress, to achieve fame and fortune as an impresario in London. Her pretty daughter Eve is greatly distressed because Ronald writes so infrequently. It seems that Ronald is forgetting his village sweetheart, perhaps repenting of his impulsive engagement to her.

Nevertheless, Ronald finally comes down to Redway Bank to discuss matters with Eve that cannot be fairly stated in a letter. Eve, who loves Ronald passionately, steals herself to bear the news that he does not want to marry her, now that he is a celebrity in the musical world—a man who discovered the great singer, Navana.

Ronald, however, astounds her by saying that he wants the marriage to take place almost immediately, and Eve, stifling her uneasiness at her lover's strange behaviour, is overjoyed and consents. They are married and go to Devon for their honeymoon. After three days of delicious happiness for Eve, Ronald announces excitedly that he must go to Paris forthwith in order to book a new Welsh soprano who has made a great hit. He can't take Eve with him, he explains, because the journey will be a rush and he has not much spare cash.

Eve reluctantly lets him go, and then proceeds to their London flat, where she has to spend the night alone. She is without money, because Ronald has forgotten to give her any. She passes a nerve-racking night. A picture falls with a crash, and she finds it is a portrait of her husband. Is it an ill omen?

When Ronald returns he laughs at her for an imbecility in not going to his office to ask for money. She feels she has begun badly, and resolves to be more helpful when other emergencies arise.

EVE CARRIES ON.

EMERGENCIES did in due time arise and, despite her resolve, Eve was unprepared.

Navana had undertaken a provincial tour and insisted that Ronald should personally act as her travelling manager.

"You are getting to know the musical ropes by now, Eve," said Ronald, as he kissed his wife good-bye. "Do any routine work that's necessary. And if anything urgent comes along you can get to the office by wire or phone at these places at these times." He handed her the route and time-table of the itinerary.

"And supposing the office is shut and I can't reach you?" Eve asked anxiously.

"Well, do the best you can. Keep my end up—always!" Two days later Martinio called at the flat at 6.30 p.m.

He explained to Eve that he had just returned from his pre-eminently successful American tour, and now proposed a visit to all the European capitals. But he had just three weeks to spare for a few performances in the English provinces. Martinio called at the office, but the staff had gone. He had already been asked by a rival impresario of the old school to do England under his management, but as he had heard of young Sturdee's pushfulness he wished to give him the first refusal. Time pressed, time he must have an answer that evening. It was most unfortunate that Sturdee was away.

Many of the artists whom Ronald had recently been exploiting with phenomenal success had until lately been unknown, even by name, to Eve. But she knew of Martinio and had even heard him play on the occasion of his memorable violin recital at Southsea.

The hall had been crowded with enthusiastic devotees of music, and Eve had thought Martinio the greatest violinist in the world. What was she to do? What would Ronald say if she allowed Martinio to go away without securing him?

"What is your fee, Mr. Martinio?" she suddenly inquired.

"In America," Martinio shook his mop of black hair and said "America" in a tone of awe—"I got five hundred dollars a concert."

"Why, that's over a hundred pounds!" Martinio nodded. "But that's America, mind you. I take less in England. Sanley's offered me just fifty guineas a performance, and I shall take that unless your husband would like to give

me a little more and tries his hand at being my impresario."

Eve thought, Ronald had volunteered to pay the new Welsh soprano, who nobody knew much about, two hundred pounds per concert. And he was the great Martinio, whom everyone—even her girl friends in Redway Bank—knew to be a great artist, a wizard of the violin, throwing himself at Ronald. Moreover, he could be securing for no more a quarter of the fee demanded by the girl who had snatched Ronald away from them were on their honeymoon. What an opportunity of helping her husband!

"Would you play at twenty concerts for fifty-five guineas a concert?" Eve asked.

Martinio's manner was that of one bestowing a great favour. "I would—for your husband."

"Well, Mr. Martinio, I can engage you on my husband's behalf. He has asked me to settle any urgent business for him."

With that Eve tremblingly wrote on a sheet of her husband's office stationery to the effect that Martinio would record fifty-five guineas per performance for twenty concerts. She signed the agreement: "P. P. Ronald Sturdee, E.S."

Eve, feeling greatly elated at her first business achievement, showed Martinio to the lift. Then a sudden fear assailed her mind. Martinio had received her agreement, but had not left with her a document to say that he accepted it. He might change his mind when he returned to his hotel and go back to Sanley. He might even use her offer as a means of inducing Sanley to pay more. She ran to the door and dashed out on to the landing. But Martinio was already in the lift, now drowsing down again.

"So you let him escape when you had him in your pocket."

As she flew down the stairs Eve imagined this whirling comment from her husband when he returned. Fortunately, Martinio was in great hurry, and Eve caught him as he was lighting a cigarette at the entrance.

Mr. Martinio—she stopped to recover breath—"I haven't your signature. I must have that. My husband will expect it."

"Oh, of course—of course."

Martinio returned, and, quoting the letter just received from Eve, declared that he accepted the agreement. To this he appended some hieroglyphic flourishes which Eve, after he had gone, identified as the august signature of Martinio.

And now, thought Eve, she had done something of service to her husband. She pictured his face melting into a smile of unqualified approval. Her achievement might even mean the beginning of a more intimate understanding between them.

Ronald returned from his Irish-Scottish tour. He had only a moderate measure of success to record. During the tour Navana had developed more and more of the artistic temperament—the professional euphemism for want of balance.

After a tiff with another artist she had unequivocally refused to sing at one concert, and Ronald had to return all the money taken, to the disappointed audience crowding the hall. He had to sustain the charges for the hall as well as the loss of personal prestige which necessarily followed an abortive concert in a big provincial city.

Thrice Navana had been really ill, and could not have appeared even if she had so desired. Then the last concert of the series had also to be abandoned because of the sad and unexpected demise of the prima donna's favourite Pekinese. Despite these misfortunes, Ronald had paid his expenses and banked a surplus of two hundred and fifty pounds.

"It might have been worse," he said, concluding his brief summary of the tour. "Better luck next time!"

Then Eve sprang her surprise.

"Darling, I think I've made some money for you since you went away."

Ronald jumped up from his chair. "You've done what?"

"Martinio came one evening, and I secured him."

"What are you saying?"

"You asked me to keep your end up, and so I signed a little contract with him for you. Here it is. His own signature on it. And only fifty-five guineas a performance."

Eve looked vainly for the expected smile of approbation. Instead, she saw an angry flush sweep over her husband's face, to be quickly followed by a frown and the return of that expression of cold contempt which she had been hoping to banish for good.

"Fifty-five guineas!" he repeated. "Why, Martinio won't draw fifty-five shillings? Don't you know that since he was in the Californian rail smash he's been completely off his touch? Can't even keep on the note. Martinio's a back number—finished!"

While her husband slept that night Eve lay awake, repeating to herself:

"He thinks I'm useless. He thinks I'm useless."

WHAT LOVE IS.

"I WANT to go to St. Saviour's this morning, Ron dear. Will you come with me?" Her husband looked up from his Sunday newspaper and smiled indulgently.

"Does the Rev. Percival preach this morning?"

"I think so," Eve replied, missing, at first, his meaning.

"Ah! Like most women! The new curate turns your head. I hope you'll enjoy his sermon. But really you mustn't expect me to come with you."

Why did Ronald always adopt this superior tone when talking with her? Did he not understand that her jangled nerves were soothed and her spirit strengthened whenever she visited St. Saviour's?

Eve knew that it was not the new curate, nor the vicar, nor the singing, nor any one phase of the service which produced that restful stimulating effect. Sometimes she heard not a word of the sermon, and she joined in the singing without thinking of what she sang. Her mind was too often puzzled over the over-present problem of her husband—how to draw him nearer to her—how to make his unemotional personality blend harmoniously with hers.

Eleven o'clock struck, and Ronald, who had been day-dreaming of new concert stars, suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, Eve, not ready yet? You'll be late."

"I don't think I shall go this morning," she replied, that quiet, strained voice in which she often spoke of late.

Ronald was in a tantalising mood. "Oh, don't give in like that. The curate may miss you."

Deeply stung, Eve abruptly sought her room, where Ronald presently joined her.

"What! Have I hurt you again?" he exclaimed, as he saw again the common signs of a woman's distress.

That hot spirit which Eve had been dutifully trying to curb burst the first of its bonds. She turned to him in a sudden frenzy:—

"Oh, go away! Go right away! Leave me alone. I hate you!"

Ronald stepped back in astonishment. It was the first angry word she had ever discharged at him.

"Eve!"

The next moment she had thrown herself repeatedly into his arms.

"Oh, I didn't mean to say that," she cried.

"I don't want you to go away. Only, only, sometimes your words hurt, and then I see red."

The following morning Eve said to Ronald: "I want to run down to Redway Bank for the week-end to see mother. Can you spare me until Monday?"

"Take a week if you like."

Eve winced. He was ever the same. He had married her, and yet he showed no intense desire for her presence, no deep regret at her projected absence. At the moment it flashed on her how much he resembled her own self-reliant mother. A queer thought came into her mind. If mother had married Ronald, what a well-mated pair they would have been! She laughed at her own foolishness.

"Though he is so casual with me, he is worth all the other men in the world," she said stubbornly to herself as she kissed him "good-bye—for a little while."

Mrs. Manson held her married daughter at arm's length.

"You look pale, my child; decidedly pale! And a little thinner, I fancy. I expect you find life in smoky London rather trying. Are you quite happy?"

"Yes, very happy." Eve spoke unenthusiastically.

"Does Ronald come up to your expectations?"

"If you saw him you'd say so, mother. He's a little thoughtless sometimes, but always interesting."

"What do you mean by thoughtless? Doesn't he take you out?"

Eve turned her head to avoid her mother's penetrating gaze. "Oh, yes, we go to lots of concerts, plays and things like that," she answered, speaking more quickly. Then she impulsively exclaimed: "But I still feel I don't know him. I mentioned it in one of my letters. He is so engrossed in his work and prospects that he doesn't pay me the attention that some how I want from him."

Eve's brown eyes revealed something of the sadness that had been gathering within her soul.

"You foolish child!" laughed her mother. "I thought by your letters that he was neglecting you, that he had some other girl he was fond of."

"That he hasn't!" Eve broke in. "Of that I am positive. He loves me more than anyone in the world, and yet he doesn't love me as I want to be loved. I don't think he knows what love really is."

Another long instalment of this enthralling new serial will appear to-morrow.

"The Best is the Cheapest."

THE ever increasing demand for Blue Band is still further proof of the keen discrimination shown by the British housewife when purchasing one of the necessary articles of our daily food.



The enormous sales ensure the absolute freshness of the supplies, in the same way that the crossed Blue Bands on every packet are the guarantee of quality to the purchaser.

Blue Band
Margarine

Just like Butter.

British and Colonial Agents,
8 Blenheim St., New Bond St.,
London, W.1.

NILDE. PARIS

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



If you enjoy a good laugh turn—

—to the pets' adventure on page 13.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT HUNTERS SHOW—THE PRINCE ADMIRES A YEARLING



The King presents a cup for the best stallion in the Hunters' Show at the Agricultural Hall yesterday to Captain M. S. Adye, the representative of the Compton Stud. His Majesty's pleasure was undisguised.



The Prince of Wales and Viscount Lascelles at the Hunters' Show at the Agricultural Hall. They are talking to Miss Wellesley, who describes to them the points of her yearling, Santoy.



The Duke of York, the Prince of Wales and Queen Alexandra in a box at the show, of which the Prince was president.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



DANCE, DIVORCE SUIT.—Mrs. Furness, whose husband petitions for divorce, citing as co-respondent M. Maurice Mouvet (right). The case has been adjourned for his evidence.



MARQUIS' MARRIAGE.—The Marquis de Ravigny with his bride, Miss Violet Evelyn Pelly, and a little bridesmaid, Miss Hope Nicholson, after the wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday.

EARL'S DAUGHTER WEDS.—Captain Gerald Barry, M.C., Coldstream Guards, with his bride, Lady Margaret Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the Earl of Radnor, after their wedding yesterday at St. Peter's, Eaton-square.